

# THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



# MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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## THE INDIANS;

*A Tale.*

By William Richardson, professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow (Scotland.)

MARANO, amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety. And her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

‘When will he return!’ she said, my beloved Oneyo! The husband of my affections! How I long to behold him! Ye waves of Ontario, convey him to his native shore; restore him to his friends, restore him to my tender embrace. O when shall I behold him? When will the swift canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft the hero to his gladsome isle! Yes, thou happy isle! Thy rocks, thy resounding glades and thy forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the village. The elders shall

come forth to receive him. The festival shall be prepared. Ah me! Peradventure he hath perished! Or now expires in some bloody field! impetuous in his valor, and eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he rushes on the foe, & falls! While Marano thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable Onon-thio was drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unobserved from the village. He was the father of Oneyo, one of the elders of the nation, revered for his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Temperate in his youth, and active in his old age, he was vigorous and cheerful. The furrows on his brow were not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved Marano with the affection of a father. ‘Be comforted,’ he said; ‘give not thy soul to despondency. The great Spirit who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks from the passing thunder, the father and governor of all things, will protect thee. But to merit his favour, he resigned to his will. It is impious to anticipate misery and render ourselves unhappy before we are actually afflicted. Yet capricious inconsist-

ent mortals, timid at once and presumptuous, tremble with the imagination of danger, and complain as if their sufferings were real. They create miseries to themselves and arrogantly charge them on the Almighty. Beware, my daughter, beware of rebellion against the Almighty Spirit. If you repine inconsiderately, if you complain without actual cause, you rebel. He hath commanded us to be happy, he is ever offended with our disobedience ; but if we encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By destroying your own tranquility you are no less an enemy to the general system of happiness he hath ordained, than if you injured the peace of another. Be comforted. Oneyo may soon return loaded with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the gallant warriors of France.'

'To see my husband return in safety,' she replied, 'is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition to my joy.' The Indian seemed astonished. 'Have you forgotten,' she continued, 'that I myself am a Briton? That I was carried violently from my father's house, when the Outagami ravaged our land, and carried terror to the gates of Albany? My parents perished. I was yet a child ; but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother of riper years was rescued ; but I became the prey of their fury. Since that time, many years are elapsed ; yet at the name

of Briton, my bosom glows with peculiar transport.'

'I fondly imagined,' answered the Indian, 'that you loved us.—We named you after the manner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged, and you languish for the land of your fathers. I called you my daughter ; but, Marano, you would leave me.' Uttering these words, he looked tenderly upon her. You would leave me,' he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. Marano was affected. She clasped his hand and pressed it to her rosy lips. 'No, I will never leave thee. My heart is thine and my beloved Oneyo's. I revere thee. Can I forget thy compassion? Can I forget the dreadful day when the Outagami, in an assembly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their God Areskouï? You was present at an embassy from your people. Oneyo in the bloom of early years had accompanied his father. He was beside you. He sighed when he beheld me weeping. Alas ! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes. Oneyo intreated you to relieve me. Your own heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf, you redeemed me and called me your's. Oneyo hastened to my deliverance, he loosened my fetters, and clasped me to his breast. Our affection grew with our years : You beheld it with kind indulgence, and ratified our wishes with your consent. I have heard of European refinements, of costly raiment and lofty



palaces ; yet to me the simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more delightful. But if Oneyo returns not, I am undone. Many moons have arisen since with the flower of our tribe he departed. The matrons are already waiting for their sons.—Oneyo, alas ! is impetuous, and the warriors of Albion are undaunted. The blood of their foes has already tinged the Ohio ; Canada trembled at their approach, and may ere now have become the prize of their valour. Ah me ! if thy son hath fallen, grief will subdue thee ; I know the tenderness of thine affection, it will pull thee down to the grave. Who then will be a comforter to me ? Who will be my friend ? Among a strange people I have no father to protect me, no brother to counsel and give me aid.'

Ononthio was about to reply, when an Indian from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect, that the hopes of their tribe were blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring nation, having returned from Canada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends ; that they had with difficulty escaped ; that Oneyo was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle ; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

Marano was overwhelmed. Ononthio heaved a sigh : But the hapless condition of his daughter,

and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow. 'If my son hath fallen,' he said, 'he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred, and descend to posterity in the war song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chieftains of future times, rushing from their forest, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. Oneyo shall not die unrevenged.'

'He shall not,' interrupted the Indian. The messengers of our misfortunes hovered, after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the foe ; they have brought captives to our island : The elders of the nation are now assembled ; they have doomed them a sacrifice to the memory of the dead ; and defer their execution only till your arrival.' 'Alas !' said Marano, 'the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my husband ? Or heal his ghastly wounds ? Or reanimate his breathless bosom ? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely mountains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will away to my love. I will meet him beyond the deserts in some blissful valley where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow, for I will not live.' She entreated in vain ; The

Indian was urgent, and Ononathio seconded his solicitation.

That nation of Indians of which Oneyo was a leader, inhabited an Island in the lake Ontario. They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of Oneyo and of their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crowded around the captives, whom in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The elders were assembled: The boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and the prisoners loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Though Marano was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader in the prime of youth, was comely vigorous, and graceful. The sullenness of undaunted & indignant valour was portrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye full of ardour and invincible firmness surveyed the preparations of death with indifference, and shot defiance

on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader they were struck with his unshaken boldness: they resumed their native courage & armed their minds with becoming fortitude. Marano sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. 'Peradventure,' said she in her soul, this valiant youth, like Oneyo, may be lamented. Some tender maiden to whom his faith has been plighted, may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may by his death be made desolate. She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years, she was a stranger to her people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed: And he who had been to her as a father overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnanimity of their leader, and, in regarding him, she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him. 'He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavour to save him! Could she behold him tortured and not shed a tear for his



suffering !' Meantime one of the elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then, with a look of stern severity, he thus addressed himself to the captive ! ' The caldron boils, the axe is sharpened Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us : He lingers on the mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend ? They shall never behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death.' ' Inflict your tortures,' he replied : ' my soul condemns them. I have no parents to lament for Sidney. In Albany they were massacred, massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a sister—I lost her. She was carried into captivity, and became the victim of your savage fury. I have friends : but they are fearless, for they are Britons. Inflict your tortures ; my soul condemns them ; but remember, the day of vengeance shall overtake you.'

( *To be Continued* )

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*Extraordinary history of Jaqueline, Countess of Hainault.*

Jaqueline, only child of William Count of Hainault, was heir-ess of the provinces of Hainault, Holland, Zealand and Friesland. Nature had bestowed, on this her favorite child, her choicest gifts : exquisite beauty, elegance of per-

son, an insinuating address, a lively imagination, and a firmness and intrepidity above her sex. In the 16th year of her age she espoused John eldest son of Charles the Sixth, king of France ; and by this marriage was flattered with the prospect of sharing the throne of France, with a husband whom she adored. But all these hopes of love and grandeur were annihilated by the premature death of the Dauphin in the second year of their marriage, not without suspicion of being poisoned by his unnatural mother, Isabella of Bavaria.

Afflicted with this grievous loss she repaired to Hainault, and found her father on the verge of the grave, anxiously intent on securing to his beloved Jacqueline the succession of his dominions, and in providing her with a husband who might be able to repress the civil commotions which had long agitated the county of Hainault, and repel the encroachments of the neighboring power. With this view, he recommended to her choice her cousin John the Fourth, duke of Brabant, who was also sprung from the house of Burgundy, and whose dominions, bordering on Hainault, would form a compact and well united sovereignty.

Deference to the request of her dying father, supported all with the influence of her mother Margaret of Burgundy, desirous of an alliance with a prince of her own house, ex-

torted from her a reluctant promise in favor of the duke of Brabant. A few days after this promise, her father died. Jacqueline succeeded to all his dominions, and although the duke of Brabant was a prince of weak intellects and deformed person, and therefore ill calculated to gain the affections of so accomplished a princess, yet the solemn promise which she had made to her dying father, prevailed over her repugnance, and at the expiration of the year of widowhood the nuptials were solemnized.

Soon after her marriage, her uncle John of Bavaria, who had quitted the Bishopric of Liege with the hopes of espousing his niece, laid claims to Hainault and Holland, as fiefs not descendible to females, obtained from the emperor Sigismund the investiture of these provinces, treated Jacqueline as an usurper, penetrated into Holland at the head of a formidable army, and, seconded by a disaffected party, made the most alarming progress.

In opposition to this invasion, Jacqueline herself took the field at the head of the troops of Hainault and Brabant; inspiring the soldiers with a martial valor, she obtained the most signal success, and seemed likely to quell the rebellion, till her husband, the duke of Brabant, spread dejection among his army by his dastardly conduct, and, perhaps, ashamed of his consort's superior valor, withdrew his forces from the scene of war, and

commanded Jacqueline to follow him into Brabant. An inglorious peace, concluded under the mediation of the duke of Burgundy, was the consequence of this infatuated conduct. Jacqueline acknowledged John of Bavaria her heir, should she die without issue, and ceded to him a considerable part of Holland.

If Jacqueline had reason to be irritated against her husband for his cowardly behaviour, his conduct afterwards tended still more to increase her resentment. During their residence at Antwerp, he estranged himself from her company, pursued mean pleasures, devoted himself to low and unworthy favorite, and loaded her with repeated marks of contempt and ill usage. Meanwhile her hereditary dominions became a prey to confusion and anarchy. John of Bavaria continued his usurpations, and the citizens of Holland, disgusted with his despotic administration, rose in arms, and earnestly called for the presence of their sovereign. Jacqueline having in vain solicited the assistance of her husband, or his permission to return, her high spirit became irritated by repeated neglect and ill usage; fearful of losing her paternal inheritance, she withdrew from the palace, attended only by a single page, and under the sanction of her mother, who had in vain remonstrated against his unfeeling conduct.

It cannot be a wonder that so amiable a princess, only in the



twentieth year of her age, and in the full lustre of her beauty, formed by her amiable disposition to impart felicity in the married state, and deserving a reciprocal attachment, should become anxious to dissolve a marriage which had been the source of so much unhappiness. Her affinity with the duke of Brabant afforded a plausible pretext, because this very objection had been urged by pope Martin the Fifth, and it was not without difficulty that he had been induced to grant the dispensation. But while she was soliciting the pope, an incident happened, which, by interesting her passions, rendered her still more eager for the success of her application.

Henry the Fifth of England was at that time in the Low Countries, and had recently obtained the splendid victory of Agincourt.—Among the princes who attended him on this occasion, Jacqueline had distinguished Humphrey duke of Gloucester, the youngest brother of the king; a prince in the flower of his age, handsome, amiable, brave; and endowed with all those qualities which are most likely to gain the heart of an amiable princess. By an union with this accomplished prince, Jacqueline hoped to obtain that happiness which she had sought in vain with the duke of Brabant; and to find at the same time a warrior who could defend her territories against the usurpations of John of Bavaria, and the resentment of her former husband.

The duke of Gloucester was not insensible to the charms of Jacqueline, nor unmoved by the prospect of becoming the sovereign of so many states. Thus, mutually attracted, Jacqueline and the duke of Gloucester flattered themselves that they might prevail upon the pope to annul the former marriage.

But while they indulged this hope, a powerful obstacle to their union rose in the family of Jacqueline. Philip, surnamed the good, duke of Burgundy, possessed eminent talents and boundless ambition. Master of ample domains in the Netherlands, the fair inheritance of his kinswoman, the princess of Hainault, presented an object with the ambition of this prince could not resist. Aspiring to the succession of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand, if Jacqueline should die without issue, satisfied that no progeny would be derived from her ill assorted marriage with the duke of Brabant, he was alarmed at her new engagement with the duke of Gloucester; and to prevent this intended union, employed all the influence which he derived from his recent alliance with England against France, and his affinity with the duke of Bedford, who had espoused his sister.

But all his opposition was unsuccessful; Jacqueline passed over to England, espoused the duke of Gloucester, and, as Philip had prevailed on pope Martin to re-

first a dispensation, she procured a sentence from the anti-pope Benedict the Thirteenth, by which her marriage with the duke of Brabant was annulled, and that with the duke of Gloucester established. Fortune now seemed to smile upon Jacqueline; she returned to Hinault, accompanied by her husband, and a body of English forces, and put him in possession of the greatest part of her hereditary dominions.

(To be Continued.)

#### HISTORY OF A PERRIWIG,

*From its first origin in a barber's shop.*

The world was made, say Philosophers, by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, which were supposed to run together like a London mob, and produce all the various appearances of animated and inanimate nature. But I am so far superior to man in this respect, that I owe my birth to no 'fortuitous' concourse of hairs; for I am sure, if the invention of man had not been often deeply employed, he never would have thought of a machine like me.—When I made my first appearance in public, I was of a very large size, being designed for the church. Hence from my early years, or rather early weeks, for we Wigs see very few years, I was much attached to dress; no head could possibly be finer than me, nor perhaps none required so much the assistance of

Art; for nature had done very little for me, some part of me being black, some white, some brown, and some grey. I was now completely finished, and sold to a clergyman for four guineas: yes, gentle Readers, the black part of thy species are in this point not one jot above the rank of a poor Perriwig. My master indented me for special service, 'and only to appear now and then on Fast-days and Charity-sermon days, provided 'dinner was to be on 'the table by four o'clock.' My master was a rector in—shire, and held livings to the amount of 800l. per ann. besides occasional Town-service, in which he found no little interest. When I came to him, his family consisted of a wife, a son and two daughters; the son was bred a lawyer, and the daughters were bred to be—ladies, and were now arrived at that period of life which usually determines female worth. I made a very elegant appearance at an entertainment given by Mr. Guttle, (for that was my master's name,) to the neighbouring Curates; and I am sure, such another groupe of hungry Minister of the Gospel has not appeared. I really believe the Apostles (themselves, some of whom are said to have been fishermen,) lived much better than our Curates in general do. My master seemed to adjust me frequently with an air of conscious superiority, in which my vanity made me a sincere partaker, for I soon perceived I had not



my equal in the room.—No—no, the Curates might perhaps have as much learning as my master, but then they could not boast of such a Wig; they might have as much ‘within’ their heads, but the ‘outside’ of the head is what claims sovereign respect. Perhaps many people would not look so much to the outside, if they were not conscious of an inability to judge of the inside well; but a Wig must not digress, for it resembles sitting ‘awry’ on a man’s head, I lived near a twelve month in the service of this pious Divine, and must confess that I had every mark of regard and esteem paid to me, and was very frequently permitted to visit the gentleman who made me, in order to have me properly educated and fitted to see company, which I did very frequently, in private; but do not remember that ever I paid above three or four visits to church while with my present master. I generally hung in Mr. Guttle’s bed room, sometimes in another room, and sometimes I was adjusted to a very elegant carved block which stood in the entry. This block was so like my master, when I was placed on it, that I vow, on the word of a Wig, you could scarcely have marked the distinction.

I had not lived long in this family ere I found that a clergyman’s house is not to be considered as a manufactory for godly sermons: Not a little intriguing was to be observed, nor was I an inattentive

witness. Our family was split, like this kingdom, into two parties; the son and the mother on the one, and the two daughters and the father on the other. The son had, to be sure, taken chambers in the Temple; but he lived for three years more in a stile so very superior to the dry matter-of-fact progress of law, that his father was soon under the necessity of recalling him, in order, as was said, to tame him, if possible; for the old gentleman was very sensible, that if he was allowed to follow the law much longer in that manner, ten to one but the law would soon follow him: and truly it was almost at his heels already. This confirms what the witty Henry Fielding says, that “they who enter the Temple with embroidery, generally come out of it with rags.”—Our young Hopeful had arrived but a few days before myself, and in that time gave such specimens of London gallantry among the country ladies, that his father thought it the most prudent scheme to advise him to marry. I overheard this amusing dialogue while I rested on the head of my worthy supporter one afternoon when the rest of the family were from home:

‘Pithee, Tom, said the father, what plan do you intend to follow? You cannot expect that my fortune is equal to support your extravagance?’

‘My extravagance! Still harping on that tender string! Why, I tell you, I was guilty of no ex-

travagance but what serves to set off the character of a gentleman in an agreeable manner. Surely you would not have me to quit the Graces !

‘ Certainly I would not ; but your fashionable graces are absolute deformities : and, like paint, although they seem to conceal paleness, in fact create wrinkles.—Are drinking, gaming, & wenching, graces ?’

‘ Not absolutely ; but they are a sort of necessary appendage to a man of quality’s abilities, that I would not wish to be without. I drink to please my company,—to make up deficiencies,—and wench a little to shew my spirit.’

‘ And yet this spirit of yours seems to consist merely in debauching every fine woman you meet. Was it necessary to give poor Miss —— such a proof of your spirit ?’

‘ Yes ; but that was an accident, I could not possibly do otherwise.’

‘ Why so, pray ? Was not the education I had given you, and the philosophy you have imbibed.

‘ O Lord, O Lord, my dear papa, when fine women do tempt one, as to be sure I was tempted, philosophy and education are as useless as broken china, and as shabby-looking in the eyes of a man of fashion. The first man that ever lived was tempted by a woman, and fell ;—so did I : yielding to temptation seems to run in the blood of some families. It is a devilish awkward trick that we have got, to be sure ; but no

instructions are more punctually obeyed than those of passion. You used to preach a great deal about this and that and t’other, and virtue and vice ; and all that ; but, to say the truth, my dear papa, I never had much ‘ practical’ divinity from you ; and when you preach about the New Jerusalem, it always strikes my fancy that you mean the Jerusalem-tavern in Clerkenwell.’

‘ Harkee, you young dog, I have heard much of your impertinence ; but if you presume to open your lips to me again in this like manner, I’ll disinherit you.’

‘ Very likely, my good father ; but who’s the dupe, then ? If you are commanded to rear a plant, and yet neglect to water it, who, think you, is to blame ? I have practised every word you have ever taught me ; but you have taught me so little, that, ‘ faith, I was obliged to prosecute my studies on a more enlarged plan.’

Now, gentle Reader, you must know, that this conversation went no farther at this time ; and this for two reasons :—In the first place, the old gentleman began to feel something within him upbraiding him much more than his son did, for having neglected this youth’s education. This inward monitor is usually called Conscience, and was a very unwelcome visitor to my master ; & yet for variety’s sake he might have e’en consented to hear him for once, it being the only time Mr. Conscience had knocked at his gate



for a good many years. The parson was really choaked with rage to find himself thus beset both without and within, and could proceed no further in his proposals to disinherit. Tom, again, who was really a better lad than he seemed, was unwilling at this particular crisis to lose the prospect of a good inheritance; for, to tell you a truth, he had more depending on it than merely a comfortable subsistence; and if you will have a little patience, I will attempt to unravel this mystery. I have only to add, in the mean time, that during the above confabulation, I suffered not a little damage by being often adjusted, moved about, and crumpled; for it is an established rule with men who have little to say in a cause, to excite appearances by a sagacious use of me. Had I been deaf, indeed, I could have known how the argument was likely to end, according to the frequency of alterations which I underwent. When the parson spoke himself, he put me to the right side: and when he answered arguments, I veered to the left. This I took to be his weak side; but when he could neither speak nor hear, I advanced in front. In my next chapter I will give thee a most lamentable account of what I heard and saw after this; for, being much discomposed, it was judged necessary to send me to my creator and persevere, in order to be dressed for extraordinary service.

(To be Continued.)

## VARIETY.

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### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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### ANECDOTE.

OF THEOPHILUS CIBBER

This strange eccentric wag, in company with three other *bon vivants*, made an excursion to France. One had a false set of teeth, a second a glass eye, a third a cork leg, but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach; and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbours infirmity, they agreed, that at every baiting place they should all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint: and, as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted. Ad rot it, cried one, how that man squints! Why d—n thee, says the second, here is another squinting fellow. The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted: for they went on a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs: and their stumping about made more diversion than they had at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf: but

at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, 'here, you fellow take out my teeth!'—'Teeth sir?' 'Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll all come out together.' After some hesitation the man did, as he was ordered.—This was no sooner performed, than a second cried out, 'here, you, take out my eye.' 'How sir,' said the waiter, 'your eye?' 'Yes, my eye: come here you stupid dog: pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible!' This done a third cried out, 'here, you rascal, take off my leg!' This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also perceiving that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor affrighted fellow was surveying with a rueful countenance the teeth, the eye, and leg, lying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, 'come here, sir, take off my head!' Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room: and, after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

#### FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

Among the many excellent institutions of that celebrated legislator of the Spartans, Lycurgus, it must be confessed there were some totally inconsistent with human nature. Stranger himself to the refined feelings of sensibility, from whence the best and purest of our pleasures flow, he sought only to inspire his people with a love of magnanimity, and an utter contempt of danger: but above even the tenderest ties of parental affection, he placed the love of their country. A woman of Sparta had five sons in the army, and was hourly expecting intelligence of a battle. A messenger at length arrived: in trembling anxiety she inquired who were the conquerors—"Your five sons are killed." "Wretch! did I ask you that?" "We have gained the victory." The mother flew to the temple to offer her thanksgiving to the gods.

#### DUTIES OF A MASON.

Thy first homage thou owest to the Deity: the second to the authority of civil society.

Honor the fathers of the state: love thy country: be religiously scrupulous in the fulfilling of all the duties of a good citizen: consider that they are become sacred by the voluntary masonic vow: and that the violation of them, in a profane man, would be weakness: but in thee, hypocrisy and criminality.



*Brief but significant description of  
FREEMASONRY.*

Mr. Arnold, in his Dutch Dictionary, under the word "Freemasonry," says, that it is 'a Moral Order, instituted by virtuous men, with the praiseworthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most sublime truths, in the midst of the most innocent and sociable pleasures, founded on liberality, brotherly love, and charity.'

An Alligator was shot through the head at Ghazepoore, by an officer of the 67th regiment, which was 29 feet in length, and 7 in circumference. In the stomach were found several half-digested human limbs, the heads of two children, and more than twenty stones—probably swallowed in order to assist digestion.

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

We both prick, said the viper one day to the simple leech, we both prick: and yet I do not know how it is, you are a great favorite, and every body runs away from me or strives to knock me on the head.

Don't you know why, my little dear, replied the other—We both prick true enough, but my sting gives life to the sick, and yours kill the man who has the strongest health. By so much, and no less, differs a goodnatured critic from an illnatured one.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, August 29, 1812.

*"Be it our task,*

*To note the passing tidings of the times.*

CASUALTIES.

Yesterday morning, Matthias Miller, aged 13 years, son of John F. Miller, of this city, fell from pier No. 9, into the East river, and was drowned. His body was found two or three hours afterwards.

On Saturday, the 22d inst. Charles Newell Fawcett, son of M. S. F. at the corner of Front street and Crane wharf, fell from the fifth story window to the pavement and expired instantly.

On Thursday, a boat, containing seven boys, upset on the cable of a vessel in the stream, and three of them were drowned.—*Columb*

*Wonderful preservation.*—The brig Polly, captain Wm. Cazacu, who sailed from Boston for St. Croix Dec. 12th, 1811, was upset a few days out. Capt. C. and one man remained on the wreck One Hundred and Eighty days, when they were providentially taken off, about 30 days since by an English ship, and afterwards put on board the schooner Dromo, and have arrived at Kennebec: all the rest of the crew perished.

*Boston Pat.*

*Melancholy accident.*—On Tuesday morning last, about 1 o'clock, Mr. Henry Peterson descended into a privy, for the purpose of getting his watch, which was lost on Monday. As soon as he descended he fainted. Mr. Reynolds, his brother-in-law, went to his assistance, and both were suffocated together. They have left distressed families to bemoan their sudden death.—*ib.*

*Singular and fatal coincidence* — Joshua Clapp, of Montgomery, in this state, & Caleb Clapp, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, were twin brothers, born about the year 1751 exactly the counterpart of each other. They early engaged in the revolutionary war, and in their military and civil capacities were both highly respectable; peculiarly happy in their families afterwards, and easy in their circumstances. They were apparently drawing to the close of honorable life, when shocking to relate! they both put a period to their existence by cutting their own throats with razors—Joshua, in November, 1810, and Caleb in June, 1812 — *Mercury Ado.*

*The City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons from the 15th to the 22d of Aug 1812, of the following diseases.*

*Asphyxia 1, Casualty 2, Cholera Morbus 1, Consumption 10, Convulsions 3, Dropsy 1, Dropsy in the head 1, Dysentery 3, Fever typhus 2, Flux infantile 9, Hives 3, Inflammation of the lungs 1, Scalded 1, Small pox 1, Still born 2, Sudden death 1, Teething 3, Whooping cough 4. — Total 49.*

*J. MORTON City Inspector.*

*Melancholy occurrence.*—On Wednesday 12th inst. several vessels were in Winter Harbor, near Portsmouth N. H. as a convenient shelter from the severity of the weather; and among others Capt. Allen of the Madison Jr. Cape-Ann privateer, and Capt. Stone of a privateer fitting out at Saco. Having occasion to go to town, capt. Allen and Stone, with five others got into a sail boat for that purpose—they proceeded as far as the bar and were attempting to cross it, when the boat capsized and precipitated the whole seven into the Ocean—where they struggled in various ways until Capt. Adams of the Portsmouth Revenue Cutter, and Capt. Morrell of the Gun-boat, manned their

row boats and came to their relief at the imminent hazard of their lives. Before their arrival, however, Capt. Allen and Stone, of the privateers, had taken their flight to the world of spirits — Through the humane exertions of the gentlemen in the boats, who went to their assistance, the other five were providentially saved, though not until they had become nearly exhausted. *ib.*

←————→

### Married.

*On Tuesday evening, by the Rev Archibald Maclay, Mr Samuel Nutman, of Newark, N. J. to Miss Abella Dunlap, of this city.*

←————→

### Died.

*In Gratz, Silesia, about the middle of June last, Louis Bonaparte late King of Holland aged 40. He bequeathed to the town of Gantz, the little property of which he had been there honored.*

*Lately in France, M. Sonnini, the celebrated traveller.*

*On the 20th day of the 8th month, 1812, Doctor Ebenezer Blachly, of Patterson N. J. aged 51 years.*

*On Monday the 24th inst. between 4 and 5 o'clock, Mr. Philip F. Ruckle, aged 34.*

*On Tuesday morning, Peter P. Van Zandt, Esq. of a lingering illness, aged 32 years*

*On Tuesday morning, at 5 o'clock, Mrs. Elizabeth Haviland widow of the late Elias Haviland, in the 34th year of her age, after a long and lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation.*

*On Thursday were interred at Boston, the remains of Mr. Thomas Bangs, Ensign in the army of the U. S.*





*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

*From the Freemason's Magazine.*

#### SONNET.

*On Seeing the Wife of a Friend nursing  
her infant*

Affection's fond partner, with Friend-  
ship's warm friend,  
Accept the effusions of my humble  
lay:  
My soul's speaking language expression  
would blend,  
And respect's highest tribute esteems  
would repay.

With transport I view that dear babe in  
thy arms,  
The richest dear pledge of connubial  
bliss;  
I behold all thy joys, and thy tender al-  
larms—  
The mother's pure rapture, and love's  
fond caress.

As I am surveying a parent's delight,  
Mem'ry, from feeling, draws forth a  
sad tear;  
And Fancy, intrustive, presents to my  
sight  
The bliss I once claim'd—and how  
Love can endear

May the anguish that preys on my  
breast ne'er be thine;  
But bliss round thy heart calm content-  
ment intwine.

#### SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### MASONIC SONG.

Ye thrice happy few, whose hearts have  
been true  
In concord and unity found;  
Let's sing and rejoice, and unite ev'ry  
voice,  
To send the gay chorus around.

#### CHORUS.

For like pillars we stand, an' immova-  
ble band,  
Cemented by pow'rs from above,  
Then freely let's pass, the generous  
glass,  
To masonry, friendship, and love.  
The Grand Architect, whose word did  
erect  
Eternity measure, and space,  
First laid the fair plan on which we be-  
gan,  
Cement of harmony and peace:  
Whose firmness of heart, fair treasure  
of arts  
To the eyes of the vulgar unknown,  
Whose lustre can beam new dignity and  
fame  
On the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.  
Indissoluble bands our hearts and our  
hands  
In social benevolence bind,  
For, true to his cause, by immutable  
laws,  
A mason's a friend to mankind.  
Let joy flow around, and peace-olive a-  
bound,  
Preside at our mystical rites,  
Whose candor maintains our auspicious  
domains,  
And freedom with order unites.  
Nor let the dear maid our mysteries  
dread,  
Nor think them repugnant to love;

To beauty we bend and her empire defend,  
Her empire deriv'd from above.

Then let 's all unite, sincere and upright,  
On the level of virtue to stand;  
No mortals can be more happy than we,  
With a brother and friend in each hand.

---

\* \* \*

H O M E.

By J. Montgomery

There is a land, of every land the pride;  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world  
beside;

Where brighter suns dispense serener  
light,

And milder moons emparadise the  
night;

A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time tutored age, and love exalted  
youth;

The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-  
plores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchant-  
ing shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and  
fair,

Nor breathes the spirit of a pure air;  
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by resemblance, trembles to  
that pole;

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar  
grace,

The heritage of nature's nobler race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely best,  
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest.

Where man, creation's tyrant, cast a-  
side

His sword and scepter, pageantry and  
pride,

While in his softened looks benignly  
blend

The sire, the son, the husband, father,  
friend:

Here Woman reigns; the mother,  
daughter, wife,

Strews with fresh flowers the narrow  
way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her  
feet.

"Where shall that land, that spot of  
earth be found!"

Art thou a man, a patriot!—Look a-  
round;

O, thou shall find, howe'er thy footsteps  
roam

That land thy COUNTRY, and that  
spot thy HOME!

---

\* \* \*

EPITAPH.

*In a Country Church Yard.*

Reader pass on, ne'er waste your time,  
On bad biography and bitter rhyme,  
For what I am this cumb'rous clay in-  
sures,

And what *I was*, is no affair of yours.

---

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